

LONDON, June 27, 1860

The House of Lords on a question connected with the slave-trade. You will remember that on the 15th of May, 1855, about six months after the seizure of the Charles and Georges, the British Consul at Mozambique, Mr. MacLeod, had convinced himself that "his best course was to retire to Mauritius, or even to England, until such time as arrangements were made between England and Portugal for the reception of a French Consul in honor and safety at Mozambique." In the same dispatch in which Mr. MacLeod informed the Home Government of his departure from Mozambique, he asked for telegraphic instructions as to the further course he was to pursue, his return, as he intimated, being only practicable if an English ship-of-war were constantly stationed off Mozambique. The experience of 1857 had fully shown, on the one hand, that the position of the British Consul, without such support, was altogether untenable, and, on the other hand, that such a force would go a great length in putting down the slave-trade on the eastern coast of Africa. Col. Amey, connected with perfect good will, and in complete accord with the British Consul, but, as Mr. MacLeod states, the Governor of Mozambique had no efficient force at his disposal. When, in compliance with the instructions of the Portuguese Government, he vigorously discouraged the slave-trade, he was subjected to the annoyances, his informers were prosecuted, the "apprentices," or slaves of the colony, were treated with more horrible cruelty than ever, and, in short, every evil of slavery and the slave-trade was aggravated, instead of ameliorated. So long as Col. Amey had the support not only of the English Consul, but English men-of-war to rely on, the slave-trade was successfully checked. The affair of the Charles and Georges, however, brought things to a crisis; the colonists and slave-traders becoming aware that the English Consul was forsaken by his own Government, while simultaneously the slave-trade was protected by the Emperor of the French. Mr. MacLeod receiving no instructions from Downing street as to his return to Mozambique sailed home, and arrived in England in October, 1858. Since that time no successor to his post has been appointed, and, in point of fact, the British Government, at the bidding of Louis Bonaparte, seemed to gradually withdraw its influence from the eastern coast of Africa. It is true, for instance, the slave-trade, which, despite the solemn promises made by the French Emperor, is known to flourish beneath the French flag, ever under his august and philanthropic auspices. He had, it is true, in a letter of October 3, 1858, to his "dear cousin," declared for the suppression of the slave-trade on that coast, and prohibited the system of "hiring" labor in Africa for the French colonies; but, as is now perfectly understood, that letter was only intended to mitigate the ugly defeat the British Government had allowed to be inflicted upon itself in the affair of the Charles and Georges. Than the withdrawal of its own agents, there exists, of course, no better means for the British Government of shutting its eyes to what is really going on, of avoiding quarrels with its august ally, and simulating a belief in the faithful execution of his note to the "dear cousin." Take, as a commentary on this course, the statement "suppressing" the slave-trade, the following letter, which Capt. Right, the agent of the East India Company at Zanzibar, has forwarded to the Bombay Government, and which was originally addressed by a resident residing in the French colony of Reunion to Said Majid, the Sultan of Zanzibar:—

*"I was much grieved to hear of the death of your Highness's father, the Imam of Muscat, which took place on the passage from Muscat to Zanzibar, after having arranged the affairs of Muscat and its neighborhood, and given tranquility to those countries. I was very sorry to hear of his death, and I do not regret that I desired of writing to him on various subjects. I wished to advise him to be supreme in his own territory, and give permission for the shipment of slaves, so that they might labor for wages in any country; and that the English Consul should appoint an agent to receive the slaves, and not any of his Highness's men. I was unable to write this; and now, if I were certain that permission is granted, I should wish that you would send me some slaves, young and strong, to labor in our Colonies, and inform me whether I shall send my ship to your country to convey slave laborers. I have not the honor to refer you to the words of the English Consul in all that he says to you. Do all that you see is good for your country and a condition; for the English Consul is dwelling in your country solely for his own affairs. He has no means anything to do with your affairs, and I am sure that you will not manufacture goods for their Colonies in Europe and India and sell it to foreign countries, and would desire, if possible, that other countries should not manufacture any sugar. And the French Government has given permission to all the Governors of their Colonies to purchase slaves from the East Indies; and I am sure that they desire the happiness of all mankind, so that people should convey slaves to Bourbon, to be taught labor, in order that they may become wise and clever."*

The convinance of Lord Palmerston's Cabinet in Louis Bonaparte's plan for "the happiness of all mankind" in general, and the revival of the slave-trade on the east coast of Africa in particular, was, in yesterday's sitting of the Lords, betrayed by the sorry figures cut by Lord Wodehouse, the Duke of Somerset, and the Earl of Granville. Having declared his motion for "An act to amend the laws relating to the appointment of a consul at Mozambique," with a view to promote the interest of commerce, and the execution of the treaties between Great Britain and Portugal upon the slave-trade, Lord Stratford wound up his speech with the following significant hint:—"If the people of this country suspected that the alliance of England with France arrested, endangered, or relaxed our efforts against the slave-trade, the days of that alliance would be at an end." The motion was supported by Lord Brougham and the Bishop of Oxford. According to Lord Wodehouse, who opposed it in the name of the Government, no English consul ought to be appointed at Mozambique, because of Dr. Livingstone's expedition into Africa. "It was," he said, "not by means of emissaries, but by changing the feelings of the natives in Africa, that this struggle to suppress the slave-trade." "An act to amend the laws relating to the appointment of a consul at Mozambique" without a British consul for leaving Mozambique. It is true, it would be good altogether doing away with the African squadron, and breaking up all the existing treaties against the slave-trade. It was truly pitiful to hear Lord Wodehouse, the Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, inveigh against the slave-trading propensities of Spain, at the very same time that he tried to hoodwink the House and indirectly support the powerful attempt of France at a revival of the slave-trade on the east coast of Africa. Lord Stratford's motion was, however, carried, to the great disappointment of the Cabinet.

— Our Own Correspondent.

week previous. The testimony proved conclusive that there had been several previous quarrels between the parties during the same day, in each of which Hadley was the aggressor; that Cord was peaceable and unarmed, and the homicide had nothing whatever to mitigate its character, except that it was done in the heat of blood—a circumstance which received but little attention, as the brawl was provoked entirely by the prisoner. Though the testimony of one of the principal witnesses against him—Capt. Boyd of Liberty, Mo.—was successfully impeached, those facts were clearly established by undisputed evidence.

The principal testimony for the defense was that of Dr. Holly, who stated that he examined and dressed the wound, and did not deem it sufficient to produce death; and that the deceased appeared robust and emaciated, and wore-out man. Current reports asserted that this witness was a warm and willing friend of the prisoner; at all events, his testimony had little weight.

The counsel for defense and prosecution argued the case in fifteen-minute speeches; and after being charged by the Court to lay aside all bias, and give the prisoner the benefit of any doubts as to his guilt, the Jury retired. In three quarters of an hour, they returned a verdict pronouncing him guilty of murder. This verdict was submitted to the four or five hundred spectators, and unanimously ratified by them, with the exception of a single dissenting voice.

The presiding Judge now inquired of Hadley he hadught to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him. He replied that he had nothing to say, and the Court sentenced him to be hanged on the following Monday (yesterday). A collection was taken up to defray the expenses of guarding the prisoner; he was remained to the custody of the officers; and the Court, or rather the meeting, adjourned.

During the night, through the gross neglect, whether intentional or otherwise, of the officers having him in charge, Hadley made his escape, and the morning he and two of his friends had disappeared, together with a pair of mules and a wagon stolen from one of the citizens of Denver. Great excitement prevails on the subject, and the general opinion seems to be that the officers were bribed. The feeling is so intense that I pity the next unfortunate fellow who shall be arrested, charged with a capital crime. He will be greatly in danger of being hanged first and tried afterward.

The intelligence that Congress is likely to adjourn without giving us a Territorial organization, though not satisfactory to the politicians, is by no means displeasing to the people. Living without law is unquestionably a great evil; but Territorial organizations, of late years, have become a positive nuisance. The State's Fecklers are now the slightest pretext to have a horde of broken-down politicians and desperate adventurers thrust upon them by the Administration in the shape of Judges, Marshals, Governors, and Registers and Recorders in the Land Offices; and they will be fully satisfied if the power that he will grant them the poor boon of being let alone. If this region continues its present rate of development, before the close of another session of Congress it will be ready for admission into the Union as a sovereign State.

Many enormous and exaggerated reports in regard to the yield of gold are in circulation, and some of them, in no wise diminished by the journey, find their way as *facts* into the newspapers of Kansas and Missouri. The general intelligence from the diggings is excellent; but when you see reports that in any given locality all or nearly all the miners are averaging their \$10 or \$20 per day, receive them with many grains of allowance. The country around the diggings are now very densely populated; within an area of ten square miles there are at least 10,000 people. Up to the present time, between fifty and sixty steam quartz-mills have gone into the mountains, but only six of them are yet in operation. The most of these are doing well; but some are defective in construction, and much of the quicksilver in use proves to be adulterated. One of the mills, which employs twenty-five men in running it and taking out the quartz, is turning out from \$300 to \$400 per day. Another ground a cord of quartz, and realized only \$2 from it; but on examination, the quicksilver was found worthless. Water is very scarce in the Gregory Diggings, but a large ditch, which will supply the whole region from Clear Creek, is nearly completed.

Forty or fifty arrests (horizontal) wheels, which involve with weights attached, dragging them would upon a floor of stone, and thus crushing the quartz) are in operation, and are said to be netting the proprietors about \$25 per day. The cost of construction and running is very slight.

A little "Ute" boy of six or eight years, taken prisoner by the Arapahoes during their recent foray, has just been ransomed by Mr. George W. Collamer of Boston, at an expense of about \$100. The young aborigine, who is the finest looking Indian I have ever seen, appears highly pleased with his new master, and Mr. C. leaves with him this morning for New-England, where he is to be educated.

The Arapahoes continue to steal stock, and otherwise greatly to annoy the settlers. The nights are cold, and we have showers almost daily. Judge Sherman and company, on the way here from Council Bluffs, Iowa, were struck by lightning on the Plains a few days since, and one of the party killed. The conquest of this region to civilized life is not yet fully complete, for a few evenings since, while preparing to retire, I dislodged an unpleasant bedfellow from my blankets, in the shape of a snake nearly three feet in length.

The famous "wheelbarrow man" of last year, who came through from Kansas City with that primitive vehicle, and ten cents in his pocket, was shot through the hand a day or two since by the accidental discharge of his revolver. The accident is accounted for by the fact that he was also "shot in the neck" at the time of its occurrence.

---

### FROM PHILADELPHIA.

---

#### BUSINESS, HARVEST, AGRICULTURE—WHY THE TIMES ARE HARD—A NEW ELECTORAL TICKET.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, July 10, 1860.

The world of general business has so nearly ceased to move that one may say it is at a standstill. The stagnation has liberated thousands of employers and employed, who are now away off among friends in the country, or at some Summer resort, glad to escape from burning pavements, and accepting the quiescence as a blessing. Business at the Stock Board is nominal, and there is too little of it to pay. Coal and coal stocks are all slowly recovering from a three-years' palsy. The last year has been a sifting one, with their securities in the hands of weak holders, who have clung to them until they could cling no longer, and now are forced to let go just as the tide promises to turn the other way. Rich buyers take them at the minimum, and grow wealthier while they sleep. All this disaster springs from a Government policy which crushes out the industry of the country, making the poor poorer and the rich richer. A business man, lamenting the other day over this condition of things, declared that he could sell more goods and at better profit, when money was worth ten per cent than at now, when it was only at five. Its present abundance is unnatural, and a symbol of wide-spread stagnation. Enterprise is blocked, speculation pauses—the hostile Government, powerful in its good, but omnipotent for evil, has placed on them its most despotical taboo. It is true that if you go out into the rural districts you will find the farmers busy and jocund amid the labors of an abundant harvest, for which, with thankfulness be it spoken, they owe nothing to the Government. It is precious enough to blast even that if thought likely to promote the interest of its Southern masters. The makers of agricultural machines are probably the busiest class of operators now. The farmers, within ten years, have been educated by an agricultural press of amazing fecundity, to an incredible consumption of them. How vast a business the manufacturing of them has become, it would be difficult to say. Two little country villages, within my knowledge, are now making three hundred mowers, and they cannot be made fast enough for the buyers. Wherever one turns he sees hay-fields raked by newly-fashioned machines, on which the laborer rides across the field, doing an ordinary day's work in an hour. Nearly seven hundred patents were taken out last

for men and improvement connected with agriculture. Thanks be to Providence, a Democratic Administration cannot blight the harvest which gives them employment.

It is the common cry of surface-seeing minds that this present prostration of business is always witnessed just before a Presidential election. They resign themselves to it with statistic compensation—it is unavoidable, it is always so, and they submit. As to reason, they are like Falstaff, who swore that he would give money, they think as blackberries. [Now, whether Falstaff had reason to believe, or not, is not for you; but you may be sure that the others have none; for none have they ever considered to give. They have none for the faith that is in them. Nevertheless, there are reasons why business flags before some Presidential elections—for, be it remembered, it does not stagnate before all. The year before Van Buren came in, it was so bad that thousands were suffering for bread. Eight previous years of tampering with the currency by Gen. Jackson was reason enough. It was also prostrate the year of Gen. Harrison's election, because the same destructive causes were still actively at work. But there was no prostration at the end of Harrison's term, because the Tariff of 1842 had put money in the pocket of every laborer willing to work. The rule failed completely under Protection. Polk succeeded in 1844, and two years later the Tariff of 1842 was emancipated. Public distress followed, but its usual intensity was mitigated by the influx of California gold. This kept the great bubble of credit inflated up to 1857, when it burst with an explosion so loud as still to ring in the ears of many of us. What a time it was now, and then, and then eight years' dominion of the Sham Democracy! The Government begging its daily bread under a comparatively empty treasury. Its highest officers blackened with infamy publicly proved against them, the President himself the blackest of them all. Corruption, thieving, and connivance, ruling with a high hand in many departments. Every attention given to private aggrandizement, and not an hour to measures for the public good. A mean and dirty court for a longer hold on the public purse, with a record of four years ascendancy so foul that no foreign despotism can exceed its atrocities. The Tariff again struck at, labor shorn of its reward, men asking for bread and receiving a stone. At this crisis another Presidential election is impending, and the shallow-heads cry out that dull times belong to it. No greater lie was ever uttered, except the cry be qualified by a proviso that eight years of Dominion will have preceded it. These years are undeniable. There are no lie before us now as they were in 1839. In the offering of Providence we have our compensations. Eight years of Democratic debauchery of public morals, and of beggary to the nation, are certain to be followed by a mighty purification. If the times be cursed with the one, are they not prophetic of the other?]

The Sham Democracy continue to have a high old time in these parts. Like a breachy colt, they have finally straddled the pole, split the whiffletree, kicked in the dasher, and turned the party inside sprawling in the road. Some of them are eating dirt there at a greater rate than ever. As to fusion, or clubbing on an Electoral ticket, it is out of the question. There will doubtless be clubbing of some kind before election, but it will not be on paper. It will be of a heinous character, the persuasives being of the sapling order. Vile the fracas at our late Breckinridge meeting and the thorough cut at Bowman's head. Some historians of the prize ring should forthwith open a record of these little diversified ones. There will not be enough of horses to run the whole gamut in such a diary. Col. Forney continues to increase in navigability. *His Press* has a temblak look about it. All on the Democratic Electoral ticket are to be catbashed as to their adhesion to Douglas. Those refusing to answer, or answering nay, are to be struck off, and a new ticket made. I told you this much last week, but now it is official. See how *The Press* spits out the Disunionists:

*"No true friend of Douglas in Pennsylvania, or elsewhere, can touch an Electoral ticket which contains upon its single name of a Breckinridge Disunionist. Men upon the treacherous Electoral ticket would disgrace Douglas ticket, precisely as a single drop of suble poison thrown into a goblet of pure crystal water might render the whole a deadly potion."*

There is a by-play going on in addition to all this. Retaliation is the Administration countersign. It has its spies out among the masses, spotting the office-holders who cry out for Douglas. Some of the latter have already received their first warning, and are rebuked to sit still. Others are being warned to continue their treason. All these are doomed men, and under this despotic Administration will be counted. Terrorism alone is sustaining Breckinridge. I am satisfied from what I see myself, and hear from others, that more votes will be cast for Lincoln by both wings of the now disgusted Democracy than any of us suppose.

The Old World is ordering iron beams from the rolling-mills of the New. They can undersell us in water-pipes, but in these beams and girders we defy their competition. The Phenix Iron Company are preparing to execute orders from abroad for beams fifteen inches deep and forty feet long, the heaviest ever produced in any works in the world.

In June last the water-works of this city pumped up 681,000,000 of gallons, a daily average of nearly 23,000,000. This about 11,000,000 more than in the same month last year.

**TERRIBLE FLOOD IN AUSTRALIA.**

[A private letter communicated to the Tribune.]

ILLAWARRA DISTRICT, N. S. Wales, March 31, 1860.

You may feel interested in knowing what a calamity has befallen the people of this part of the colony. We have recently had tropical torrents of rain, that were really fearful. But in February the flood-gate of heaven seemed to be open, and all the fountain-heads of the rivers seemed to have burst their bonds to overflow us. These districts have been devastated by one of the most fearful floods ever known in Australia. Life and property have been sacrificed to an extent truly appalling. The damage done cannot be estimated. Whole families, with every living thing on their domesticated, crops and all, were swept into the sea of the resistless flood, and no one left to tell what they have lost.

At Bell's Creek diggings the claims have all been filled. The poor miners were whirled away clear over a fall of fifty feet deep, at the bottom of which the remains of many were found. No one at the diggings escaped to feel how suddenly the waters came down upon them, or of the god that was lost. One little girl was found alive in the region of Bell's Creek, who had lost father, mother, five brothers and sisters, and had none. All the poor people were whirled away, and were swept away. In one night this poor unfortunate was dashed down to poverty and orphanage. The face of the country is so changed that she cannot point out the place where their house stood.

Near the source of the Shoal Haven River, at one point, the water was seen to come rushing down upon the plain like a vast pyramid. The river rose in a few hours one hundred feet. The upland flats were like great lakes. On and on swept the avalanche of waters in its desolating path. An immense belt of richly-cultivated land, smiling with plenty, has been left like a ruined desert, filled or covered with sand and rocks. Houses, gardens, crops, cattle, horses, sheep, swine, sell, men, women, and children, were swept over precipices, down through valleys, and on into the surging sea, and thrown back upon the coast in indescribable confusion. For many miles the shore was covered with the awful wreck. Boats were rowed and stemmed over where a town had stood, in evidence of the violence of the current. The water had gone up to the tops of the highest buildings. In this way some were rescued just before their houses were swept away. Some of these boats now stand high and dry in the midst of where the town once stood.

The Shoal Haven river-bed has been filled up. The waters have found another course. At the mouth of the river, where the Shoal Haven was inhabited by only 50 families, probably nearly 400 persons. The people, seeing the waters rising up all they had was gone, and the waters kept creeping up after them. The people were wonderfully preserved. They saw the sea, and sailed to their relief. They were saved just before the island was submerged.

A great many individual cases of thrilling interest are related. Many a poor mother sacrificed her life in vain efforts to save her poor children. One young man, in his efforts to save his mother, was overwhelmed. He struggled hard to reach a place of safety; he succeeded and laid his treasure—his feeble mother—down, but only to see her die. Ten minutes after he had brought her to a safe place, she closed her eyes in death. A haystack floated down in sight with men hanging at it. They were, indeed drowning men catching at straw. Huge trees with drowned families

to the churches, swept on before us. It would have been a volume to record the details of suffering, which was desolated the wrecked cities. The destruction has been almost complete. All this time the losses in life and property were being carried away. But the streams which we saw rise and roll to ward us, the divers before we reached our home, and dashed away past us, finding there where enough of ruin to do for other poor unfortunate.

The Government has been prompt to send relief to the sufferers. All the injured parts of the colonies have been raising a "Flood Relief Fund." This will serve to ameliorate somewhat the calamity; but the ruin of families, the loss of children, parents, and kindred, and the violent deaths of loved ones to save the survivors among the living—these are desolations that no relief fund can ever assuage.

---

### ART ITEMS.

---

A celebrated writer on archæology has attempted to show that the decadence of the Romans may be more distinctly traced in the debased character of their architecture as exhibited in their public buildings than in any of the evidences furnished in the history of their moral and political downfall. Assesting this theory to be true of all other nations as well as the Romans, we may congratulate ourselves in New-York on being very far from the commencement of our decadence. Aristotelically speaking we are not only not ripe but have just arrived in the budding season. Although there are so few remnants of old New-York left by which we may compare our achievements of the present day, there are still enough for all the purposes of an archæological comparison. If we wish to know what progress we are making in artistic culture, and the diffusion of good taste generally, it will not be necessary to examine our picture galleries, but our public buildings, churches, stores, and dwelling-houses. For example, there are three or four white marble churches on the corner of Pearl street and Maiden lane, which, at the time of their completion, not quite 30 years ago, were considered of so superb and remarkable a character, so indicative of the growing splendor and wealth of New-York, that they were solemnly dedicated by a kind of public banquet, at which the eminent citizens of the city were present; and the best and learned pundits, Dr. Mitchell and Dr. Francis, were among the leading New-Yorkers who delivered orations on the occasion. We may as well inform our readers that we had not the pleasure of being present on the occasion, and that we gather all the knowledge we have on the subject from a file of *The New-York Gazette*, which we examined last week at the Historical Society's Library, or another source. It will repay any one who is curious in such matters to go down to Maiden lane and take a look at the utmost architectural splendor of New-York forty years ago, and then go up to the corner of Broadway and Prince street and examine the white marble shop just completed there. By that means may be seen the exact progress we have made in art, culture and wealth during the forty years of peaceful commercial intercourse with all the world. There is as much difference between these two buildings, except that they are both constructed of the same material as between the Parthenon of Athens and the log hut which was its progenitor. The new one on the corner of Prince street is simply a casket of jewels, and, as caskets made to contain pearls and diamonds should be, is an excellent piece of work. Externally it is a union of Greek and Roman styles, and internally a perfectly harmonious commingling of fantastical ideas and the simplest forms of monumental expression. The marble-paved floors, and the rows of white marble columns, are as cold and uninteresting as a cemetery, and the cases which contain the sparkling merchandise are very suggestive of sarcophagi, while the side showcases, doors, and balustrades, which are of imitation ebony, picked out with gold, are so remarkably suggestive of mourning. But, in spite of these white and black ornaments, the aspect of the interior of this beautiful building is anything but melancholy; the strong contrast of white marble, stucco and ebony produce, in fact, a very cheerful effect. The whole arrangement of this gorgeous establishment exhibits high artistic taste for interior ornamentation. The artist by whom the designs were furnished is a Frenchman, a decorator by profession. One of our best artists, in his way, whose pictures of late years have been among the honors of the Exhibitions of the National Academy, Mr. Delmar, came here from Paris, not to paint pictures, but to decorate parlors and drawing-rooms.

—Mr. George L. Brown, who has been some weeks industriously at work on his large picture of New-York, has taken advantage of the arrival of the Great Eastern to represent the splendid pageant that accompanied the monster ship as she steamed up the river to her berth at the foot of Hammond street. The view of the city chosen by the artist is admirably calculated for the purpose, being from a commanding position of Mr. Stevens' grounds at Hoboken. The canvas is ten feet by six, and, from its present appearance, it promises to be one of Mr. Brown's finest pictures.

—We were in error in stating that Mr. Volk's admirable bust of Mr. Lincoln, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, was made from a cast of his face. It was carefully modeled by Mr. Volk in Chicago, from the life, some two or three months before the nomination was made. Mr. Volk is not, as we have been generally supposed, a German, but a native of Montgomery County, in this State. His father's family formerly resided in this city, and we learn that the young sculptor designs removing his atelier permanently to New-York, where he has been staying for a few weeks.

—A gentleman who left New-York for Europe just before the meeting of the Baltimore Convention gave us one of our most eminent portrait painters a commission to paint a portrait of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, let him be whom he might; but the puzzled artist is now in a quandary, as he does not know which of the two candidates to paint, whether Douglas or Breckinridge.

—In the Crayon Gallery of Mr. George Ward Nichols, in Broadway, may be seen some of the gems of the late exhibition of the National Academy, which would not be seen to good advantage in the galleries in Fifth street. Among these cabinet pictures are two very beautiful figure pieces, painted in Paris by Frank Howland, which are full of rich promise. Mr. Howland has a rare eye for color, and an exquisite command. There are also some very fine coast scenes by Mr. Allan Gay, so low in tone, and so free from all caricatured tricks, that they would stand but a poor chance of attracting the attention they deserve in such a collection of paintings as that of the annual exhibition of our Academy. Mr. Nichols also on view a charming little composition by Mayer of Baltimore, called "Plato." Plato is not the Greek philosopher, but a venerable colored person of very palpable African descent, who "reasoning well" to an auditory of young children, who evidently regard him in the light of a "giant, philosopher, and friend." It is an extraordinarily fine picture, reminding us strongly of Edward Feroe, but not at all in this manner. There is in all the pictures of the French artist a sad strain of struggling poverty, which, being exhibited in the persons of innocent young children, greatly intensifies the sentiment of the beholder. But poverty here is an exceptional element, and there is nothing but the heartiest prosperity apparent in Plato and his wrapt listeners. There is all the innocence and sweetness which Feroe puts upon his canvas, but none of the seriousness and suffering.

—Kepthart, the murderer of the woman and children in Iowa, was hanged by the mob on the 5th inst. The execution was conducted with great deliberation, and as attended by three or four hundred women, who were merrily chatting in front of the rude gallows. At 3 o'clock a messenger arrived at the spot with the news that the jail had been forced by the crowd and the wretched man was on his way to the place where he was to die. There were some remarks made by the throng from the scaffold, and then, at 3 o'clock, the murderer was turned off, and, without trial or conviction, was hanged.

A celebrated writer on archaeology has attempted to show that the decadence of the Romans was more distinctly traced in the debased character of their architecture as exhibited in their public buildings than in any of the evidences furnished in the history of their moral and political downfall. Assuming this theory to be true of all other nations as well as the Romans, we may congratulate ourselves in New-York on being very far from the commencement of our decadence. Aristocratically speaking we are not only not ripe but have just arrived in the budding season. Although there are so few remnants of old New-York left by which we may compare our achievements of the present day, there are still enough for all the purposes of archaeological comparison. If we wish to know what progress we are making in artistic culture, and the diffusion of good taste generally, it will not be necessary to examine our picture galleries, but our public buildings, churches, stores, and dwelling-houses. For example, there are three or four white marble temples on the corner of Pearl street and Maiden lane, which, at the time of their completion, not quite 30 years ago, were considered of so superb and remarkable a character, so indicative of the growing splendors and wealth of New-York, that they were solemnly dedicated by a kind of public banquet, at which the eminent citizens of the city were present; these great and learned pundits, Dr. Mitchell and Dr. Francis, were among the leading New-Yorkers who delivered orations on the occasion. We may as well inform our readers that we had not the pleasure of being present on the occasion, and that we gather all the knowledge we have on the subject from a file of *The New-York Gazette*, which we examined last week at the Historical Society's Library, and another purpose. It will repay any one who is curious in such matters to go down to Maiden lane and take a look at the utmost architectural splendor of New-York forty years ago, and then go up to the corner of Broadway and Prince street and examine the white marble shop just completed there. By that means may be seen the exact progress we have made in art, culture and wealth during the forty years of peaceful commercial intercourse with all the world. There is as much difference between these two buildings, except that they are both constructed of the same material as between the Parthenon of Athens and the log hut which was its progenitor. The new one on the corner of Prince street is simply a casket of jewels, and, as caskets made to contain pearls and diamonds should be, is an excellent piece of work. Externally it is a milieu of Greek and Roman styles, and internally a perfectly harmonious commingling of fantastical ideas and the simplest forms of monumental expression. The marble-paved floors, and the rows of white marble columns, are as cold and sparkling as a cemetery, and the cases which contain the glistening merchandise are very suggestive of sarcophagi, while the side showcases, doors, and balustrades, which are of imitation ebony, picked out with gold, are remarkably suggestive of mourning. But, in spite of these white and black elements, the aspect of the interior of this beautiful building is anything but melancholy; the strong contrast of white marble, stucco and ebony produce, in fact, a very cheerful effect. The whole arrangement of this gorgeous establishment exhibits high artistic taste for interior ornamentation. The artist by whom the designs were furnished is a Frenchman, a decorator by profession. One of our best artists, in his way, whose pictures of late years have been among the gems of the Exhibitions of the National Academy, Mr. Delmar, came here from Paris, not to paint pictures, but to decorate parlors and drawing-rooms.

—Mr. George L. Brown, who has been some weeks industriously at work on his large picture of New-York, has taken advantage of the arrival of the Great Eastern to represent the splendid pageant that accompanied the monster ship as she steamed up the river to her berth at the foot of Hammond street. The view of the city chosen by the artist is admirably calculated for the purpose, being from a commanding position of Mr. Stevens' grounds at Hoboken. The canvas is ten feet by six, and, from its present appearance, it promises to be one of Mr. Brown's finest pictures.

—We were in error in stating that Mr. Volk's admirable bust of Mr. Lincoln, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, was made from a cast of his face. It was carefully modeled by Mr. Volk in Chicago, from the life, some two or three months before the nomination was made. Mr. Volk is not, as we have been generally supposed, a German, but a native of Montgomery County, in this State. His father's family formerly settled in this city, and we learn that the young sculptor designs removing his atelier permanently to New-York, where he has been staying for a few weeks.

—A gentleman who left New-York for Europe just before the meeting of the Baltimore Convention gave me of our most eminent portrait painters a commission to paint a portrait of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, let him be whom he might; but the puzzled artist is now in a quandary, as he does not know which of the two candidates to paint, whether Douglas or Breckinridge.

—In the Crayon Gallery of Mr. George Ward Nichols, in Broadway, may be seen some of the gems of the late exhibition of the National Academy, which could not be seen to good advantage in the galleries in Sixth street. Among these cabinet pictures are two very beautiful figure pieces, painted in Paris by Frank Howland, which are full of rich promise. Mr. Howland has a rare eye for color, and an exquisite sentiment. There are also some very fine coast scenes by Mr. Allan Gay, so low in tone, and so free from all stereotyped trickery, that they would stand but a poor chance of attracting the attention they deserve in such a collection of paintings as that of the annual exhibition of our Academy. Mr. Nichols also has on view a charming little composition by Mayer of Baltimore, called "Plato." Plato is not the Greek philosopher, but a venerable colored person of very palpable African descent, who "reasoning well" to an auditory of young children, who evidently regard him in the light of a "giant, philosopher, and friend." It is an extraordinarily fine picture, reminding us strongly of Edward Ferey, but not at all in his manner. There is in all the pictures of the French artist a sad strain of struggling poverty, which, being exhibited in the persons of innocent young children, greatly intensifies the sentiment of the beholder. But poverty here is an exceptional element, and there is nothing but the heartiest prosperity apparent in Plato and his wrapt listeners. There is all the innocence and sweetness which Ferey puts upon his canvas, but none of the seriousness and suffering.

—Kephart, the murderer of the woman and children in Iowa, was hanged by the mob on the 5th inst. The execution was conducted with great deliberation, and as attended by three or four hundred women, who sat merrily chatting in front of the rude gallows. At a clock a messenger arrived at the spot with the news that the jail had been forced by the crowd and the wretched man was on his way to the place where he was to die. There were some remarks made the throng from the scaffold, and then, at 3 o'clock, the murderer was turned off, and, without trial or conviction, was hanged.

Editorial Correspondence of The Troy W

CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y., July 6, 1860.  
 "During a day here, I was glad to accept the offer of a resident of the village of an introduction to the father of Hopedale Granger. Mr. Granger, many years ago, was the son of Dr. Douglas of Brandon, Vt., and the mother of Stephen A. Douglas, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.  
 The residence of the venerable but most agreeable couple lies about two miles south of the Clifton Spring hotel. Of the many elegant farm-houses of this section, that of Mr. Granger's may rank among the best. It is of wood, three stories, and covers considerable ground. Its snowy whiteness, with Venetian windows and latticed doors, the well-cared-for walks and garden and surrounding it, hemmed in by a row of plants, the out-houses, at once neat and ample, and the broad fields stretching to the north and south, made the place at the home of the thrifty but courteous farmer as it is such a picture of rural quiet and elegance as poets have celebrated in verse; as dramatic poets have painted to my lady love in the play, and citizens of cities even so often as they pass, and the inmates as those who have nothing left to strive for."  
 "What is the world to them."  
*Its peace, its pleasures, and its nonsense all!*  
 The family consists of Mr. and Mrs. Granger, and Mr. Julius N. Granger, esq., and his wife. An unusual relationship exists between the older and younger married couple. The elder Granger married the mother of Stephen A. Douglas. The younger Mr. Granger was absent at the time of my visit. He was well respected here with Mr. Douglas himself. The neatness and elegance of the residence and of the grounds, are well reflected by the tactful and cheerful prevailing within. The day was damped and wind which made the day rather uncomfortable. Mr. Granger's conversation, conducted on the more pleasant of the well adorned, "fit though few." I was surprised to find a very elegant steel plate engraving of the "Little Giant."  
 The first of the household to meet us was the daughter. She is a lady of some forty years of age, accomplished, and of intelligent and agreeable discourse. It was apparent that she had a wide and interest in the name and fame of her deceased brother. In the course of the conversation, she remarked that the family had had received many letters, inquiring whether or not they had returned to the country as *ex professo* said; it was true, it indeed, his mother as *ex professo* said, and if young Dr. had been obliged to work at cabinet-making for his board, &c., and with many anecdotes were related of her brother-in-law's days, which she knew could not be true. The cabinet-maker story had this for its foundation, and that Mr. Douglas, in his youth, had both the inclination and the gift. Stephen a thorough draftsman, and to that end kept him at school. The best of this, imparted her to allow him to learn the work in wood" was at that time the only ambition at he knew or felt. Mr. Dr. refused repeatedly, and eventually left him to find a trade—for which he was naturally unfit, being weak and puny—was to go to sea in it. And the woman's foresight was not at fault in these months' apprenticeship in the shop sufficed.  
 At the end of that time he returned to his mother, saying that the work was too hard for him, and that he would go to sea. Mr. Douglas, however, was not so easily satisfied, and he remained at home as she desired. This he did; and when the young Dr. Douglas became Mrs. Granger, and removed to Clifton Springs, Stephen was sent to the Canadian Academy—an excellent institution—as a boarder, and remained there until fitted to enter a law office.  
 He remained "reading law" at Canandaigua as he called it. He could restrain his impatience to strike out a new career for him. His ambition, far more than necessity, led him to push on to Illinois. His health, however, as he thought by too much study, and a constitutional ailment at that time appeared feeble, also had much to do with it.  
 Mr. Douglas, when young was self-reliant, and he disposed to do for himself rather than have others do for him, would seem to be true. That his sealant was from choice rather than from necessity, the more creditable to him. But the stories of his being born an extremely poor boy, deprived of every advantage in youth, &c., &c., as given by biographers, are the strange concoction of clairvoyance biographers and verbiage.  
 Mrs. Granger, the mother of Mr. Douglas, is a vigorous, sprightly, and intelligent lady. She told me she was over 70; but I guessed her age from appearance and conversation. I should not have said, at that time, that she was not over 60, and that she probably weighs less than 100 pounds. She said she expected Stephen almost every train, but that it was altogether uncertain when he would come. "We were waiting for him," said she, "when we did not look for him, and he dropped in on us and made a long visit. He never told me of his coming. In his letter he said that he had the old lady fully understood the circumstances, and which her son was running for the Presidency, and she seemed to assent to a remark of her husband's at with the Democratic party divided her ambivalence." He has always told me, said she, that he did not want to run for the Presidency, but that he was not pressing him to do so." The "did not" I hear, was a boy's tale to his mother! "If that could be elected," she continued, "one good woman of it: he would stop making speeches and stop for death. She expressed considerable fear of Douglas, and she was a thriftheaded and mother-like, appearing much more concerned about than his political principles. Of one thing she felt entirely sure: that to Douglas would not hurt her son at all; and speaking of him to him, she good-naturedly remarked, "I thought the newspapers had already said all the hard things about you." In his letter he said that the President could make no difference about it; that Mr. Granger, the step-father of Mr. Douglas, is well, erect, old gentleman, of 80 years. With the exception of being a little deaf, he is in the enjoyment of very healthy faculty. He came here from Suffield, Conn., in 1840, and was then not far from 60 years of age, at which he now lives. He boasts that in all his life he has seen no revolutions of politics he has always voted Democratic ticket. Himself and family enjoy the term and love of all their neighbors.  
 The pleasant hour spent at the residence of Mr. Granger will long be remembered. If the agent could not have been so well received, he would have been proud to be so. If he should never see the President, and circumstances should force him to keep up his abode under the roof of the Manchester farm-house which he left twenty-five years ago for the politics of the West, his fate will not be as bad as that of the father than Napoleon St. Helena or Louis Philippe. He would be a man of the people, and the people will banish Mr. Dr. from the country, or that now, at least, with his heart full of the "Honest Old Abe" calls his *ex-est* principle (Sovereignty), he will banish himself to Calfornia, and stay with his mother. The great-grandson of his mother, Mr. Douglas is one, and the "great" were in the days of Pope:  
 "Not one looks backward—forward still he goes."  
 "Nor yet looks forward further than his nose."  
 F. B. H.

—The St. Paul Minnesota says that when all the Democratic papers in Minnesota have taken the position they will stand eleven for Breckinridge and Lane and four for Douglas and Johnson.  
 —The Southern Intelligencer is a new paper at Jackson, Miss. It has swallowed The Eagle of South, and will support Breckinridge and Lane.  
 —The Washington correspondent of The Philadelphia Press says that Bowditch, the Collector at Boston, Vt., has just been benched for his devotion to Douglas. Also, that strong efforts were made in North, the Post-Office Agent, from the gullibility that the President demanded blood. Furthermore, that spies are set on all most North and South are suspected of sympathizing with Douglas, and that immense sums of money are spent for telegraph early news of infidelity to the Administration.  
 —The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle says that, so far as concerns all the State is going for Bell and Everett Douglas stock is "rapidly rising in Georgia and South;" that Gov. Johnson has clearly demonstrated all unopposed minds that Mr. Breckinridge and Lane are as much Squatter Sovereignty as Douglas; and that two of the most active Douglas delegates are going for Bell.  
 —A Washington correspondent says that Daniel Dickinson of this State has assumed the position of executioner of the Douglas rebels, and that he demands the dismissal of them from such places as they may hold.  
 —The Washington correspondent of The Philadelphia Inquirer says that a man was recently arrested in Virginia, confessed Washington, on the charge of having told the N. Y. Times, that he had written the editorial in the Herald before an elderly bent at Alexandria, and the Court decided that the paper was not "secondary document" within the meaning of the statute.  
 —The Ohio State Journal says that the split in the

The Science of Life and Man by H. H. Henshaw

—The friends of Lincoln and Hamilton have raised a flag pole at Oceanport, Prince William County, Va.

—The *Albany Standard* proposes Erastus Corning as a compromise candidate for Governor, and *The Syracuse Courier* hopes he may be the nominee of the entire Democracy of the State for that high office.

—The Republicans of Wyoming County had an immense rally at Warsaw on the 23d inst. We quote from the *Hon. Times*, O. Putnam was read. We quote: "It is undeniably true that Mr. Bell has increased confidence and confidence of every man of American allegiance, but of what earthly service can \$2,000 or 25,000 do him to him in New-York? No more than so many saloons to his shadow. . . . I have endeavored to study the personal and political character of Mr. Lincoln. I have read his debates in the Senate, his essays with Mr. Douglas, and his occasional speeches elsewhere. And I say without qualification, that, in a bold, logical, manly eloquence, in sincerity and rubrication of character, and in a lofty scorn of all the arts and tricks of petty men, he seems the legitimate successor of Henry Clay."

—A large Douglas meeting was held in Baltimore on Monday evening. A letter was read from Fernando Wood, strongly endorsing Douglas as the nominee of the regular National Democratic Convention.

—The friends of Breckinridge and Lane in Buffalo are making an extended organization for the campaign in all the war of the city, resolving against all Squatter Seven-tights, and all conditions, and only in favor of a union up a principle.

—There is talk of starting a Breckinridge paper at Rochester.

—General Gideon F. Pillow has signified his intention of supporting Breckinridge.

—The *Omaha Nebraskaian* is a philosophic sheet. It apologizes for, or rather explains, the absence of a Presidential ticket from the head of its columns, by saying that it has a preference for both candidates of the Democratic party; but that, inasmuch as Nebraska has no vote, it is fully to keep alive the inspiring drill or naught. Therefore it recommends to all good Democrats to keep quiet and pray for the right.

—Col. Wm. H. Carroll has been removed from the Post-Office at Memphis Tenn., and the place has been given to M. C. Galloway, the editor of *The Acedenche*. Col. Carroll's offense was his support of Douglas.

—Mr. Cooper, the late editor of *The Chattanooga Advertiser*, was a delegate to Baltimore, refused to accede. Consequently he has been crowded to such a point that he has given up the charge of his paper.

—T. T. Tredway, a member of the Democratic Electoral ticket of Virginia, has resigned his place. He does this because he cannot represent a divided constituency.

—The *Jackson Mississippi* charges upon Everett the crime of being an Abolitionist of the "most virulent and undignified form." This charge it thus supports:

"But what of their slick and oily candidate for the Vice Presidency? The *Times* published before us show that in 1850 he was the open and avowed champion of the following Anti-Slavery schemes against the South:

"1. The abolition of Slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia.

"2. The abolition of Slavery in the Territories.

"3. The exclusion of new States applying for admission into the Union whose Constitutions recognize Slavery.

"4. The abolition of the slave-trade between the States."

#### PERSONAL.

—In April, an atrocious murder of two females was committed at St. John, Canada East, by some man who made his escape. The persons murdered were Mrs. Adelaide Bazelon and her daughter Marie. The chief murderer, McNulty by name has been followed by a Deputy Sheriff ever since the commission of the crime, and was found the other day in Worcester, Mass.

—The *Baltimore Republican* announces the death in that city of a man known by the sobriquet of "Eating Tom," and says that he has been known to eat a moderate sized ham, with vegetables, &c., in proportion, at one meal. Six large loaves of bread, with more than a quart of coffee or tea, would scarcely suffice for his breakfast or supper. A good sized goose or turkey would disappear from sight in a short space of time. His daughter would prepare a plum pudding at stated periods, and cook it in a bushel bag. This would serve him and two others as a dessert.

—Mayor Saunders of Lawrence, Mass., has just received as a present a service of silver plate, valued at \$600. It was given him in return for his exertions in behalf of the sufferers by the fall of the Penitence Mills.

—A constitutional case, manufactured from Mount Vernon wood, and decorated with sund Democratic devices, has been presented to Caleb Cushing by a number of his Southern friends and admirers. As probably the only manifestation of practical Southern support that Mr. Cushing will ever receive, it carries with it a peculiar significance. It bears the following inscription: "The Constitution—States' Rights—and the Union—From Mississippians to Caleb Cushing; Presented July 4, 1860."

—Captain de Robus is the commander of the American steamer *Washington*, at last accounts at Cagliari, on the way to Sicily. He is said to be from Philadelphia and has made many personal and pecuniary sacrifices in his expedition in aid of Garibaldi.

—Captain Peard, who is on the Garibaldi expedition, is well known as the heroic Englishman who did such good service with Garibaldi in Lombardy. He is described as a handsome man with long hair, bearded with gray blue English eyes, and an honest English heart, much amused at the absurd stories that have been told about him—a true military man, and a worshipper of Garibaldi, intent on doing his utmost for Italian independence.

—It is said that Mazzini accompanied Madame Mario in disguise to Sicily, in the steamer *Washington*.

—Robert Brough whose death is announced by the London papers, will be a loss to the light literature of the day. As the editor of *The Welcome Guest*, the author of the Life of Sir John Falstaff, innumerable tales and songs, some excellent translations of Béranger, and an immense number of magazine papers, he had acquired considerable reputation. He was worked too hard, and, like most literary men of the same stamp, led an irregular life. He had already had a large share of the trials which befall the young literary of this struggling age. Two years ago he was an insolvent debtor, and shortly previous to the disaster he lost his young wife, a vocalist, a niece of Miss Romie, the once distinguished operatic singer. Robert Brough was one of two brothers. William yet lives.

—Dr. Harriet K. Hunt of Boston, on the 27th of June, celebrated her professional "silver wedding;" that is, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the date when she commenced the practice of medicine. Her house was ornamented with flowers, evergreens, pictures, and statues, with appropriate notices on every spot. Her bed-chamber—furnished with the same old chairs, couch, bed, even to the sheets and pillow-cases, as at the period of her birth—was adorned with appropriate emblems and mottoes. One small room was sacred to her friends in the spirit land—and portraits, wreaths, or vases of flowers preordained leaves of grasses, and affectionate sentiments, told the story of loving remembrance. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the formal exercises commenced by the entrance into her parlor of Dr. Hunt, preceded by a band of girls in pure attire; there was then prayer and music, and religious and literary exercises. A ring of gold was presented from the managers of the Hospital for Women and Children. In the evening, there was tea, dancing, reading of correspondence, and a graceful lecture. Miss Harriet Homer, the sculptor, was present.

—The Hon. J. F. Potter has been spending some days at Plymouth, Mass. The citizens of that town proposed to give him a serenade, but he declined the honor.